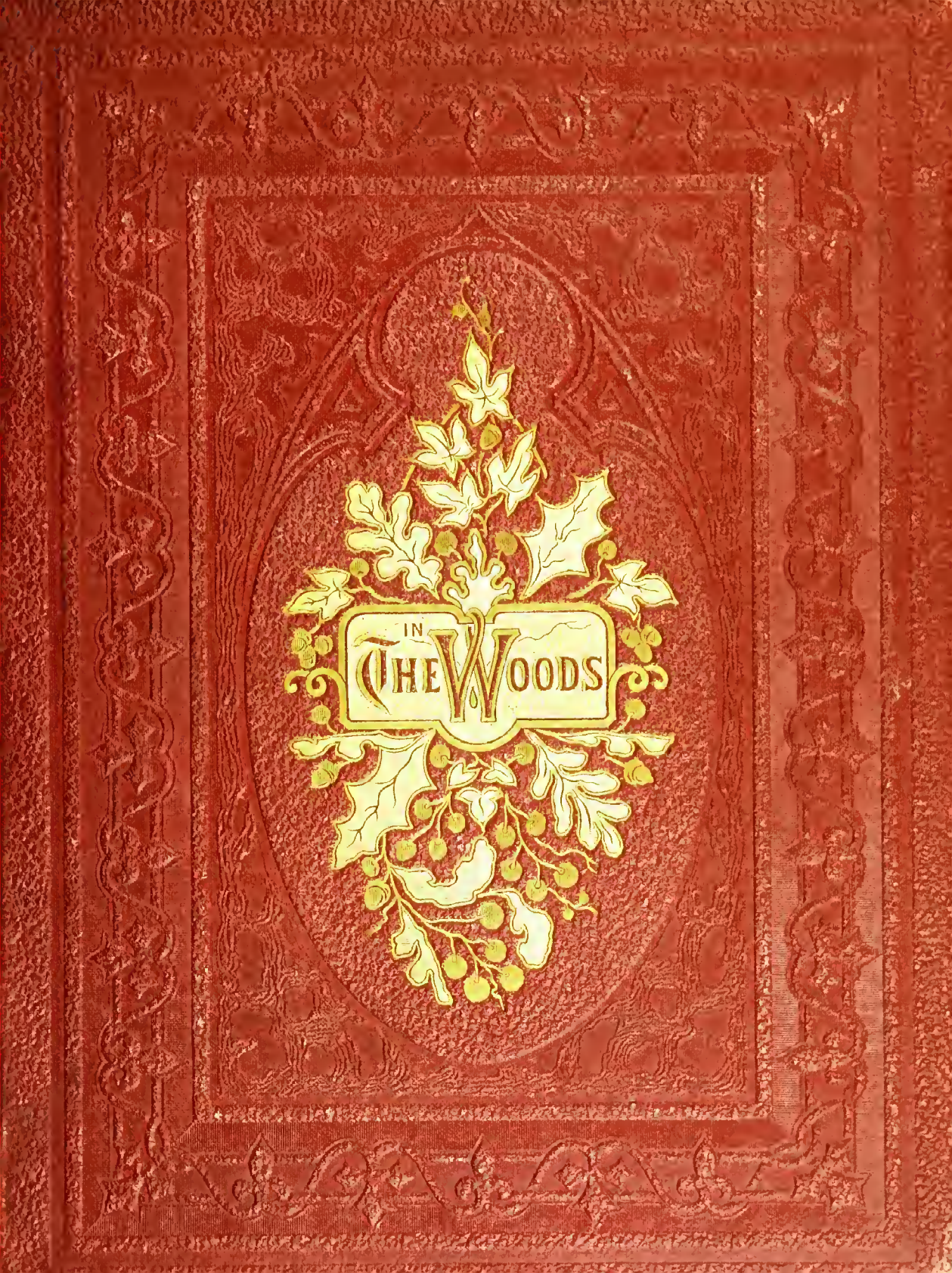
IN
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In the
Woods

In the Woods
Illustrated
by
JOHN A. HOWS

IN THE WOODS

WITH

BRYANT, LONGFELLOW, AND HALLECK.

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS

BY JOHN A. HOWS.

"The nunneries of silent nooks,
The murmur'd longing of the wood."—LOWELL.

NEW YORK:
JAMES G. GREGORY, PUBLISHER.
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Contents

The Death of the Flowers, - BY - - WM. CULLEN BRYANT.

When Woods were Green, BY - HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Wyoming—A Fragment, - - BY - - FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

List of Engravers.

Messrs. ANNIN, BOBBETT-HOOPER, FILMER,

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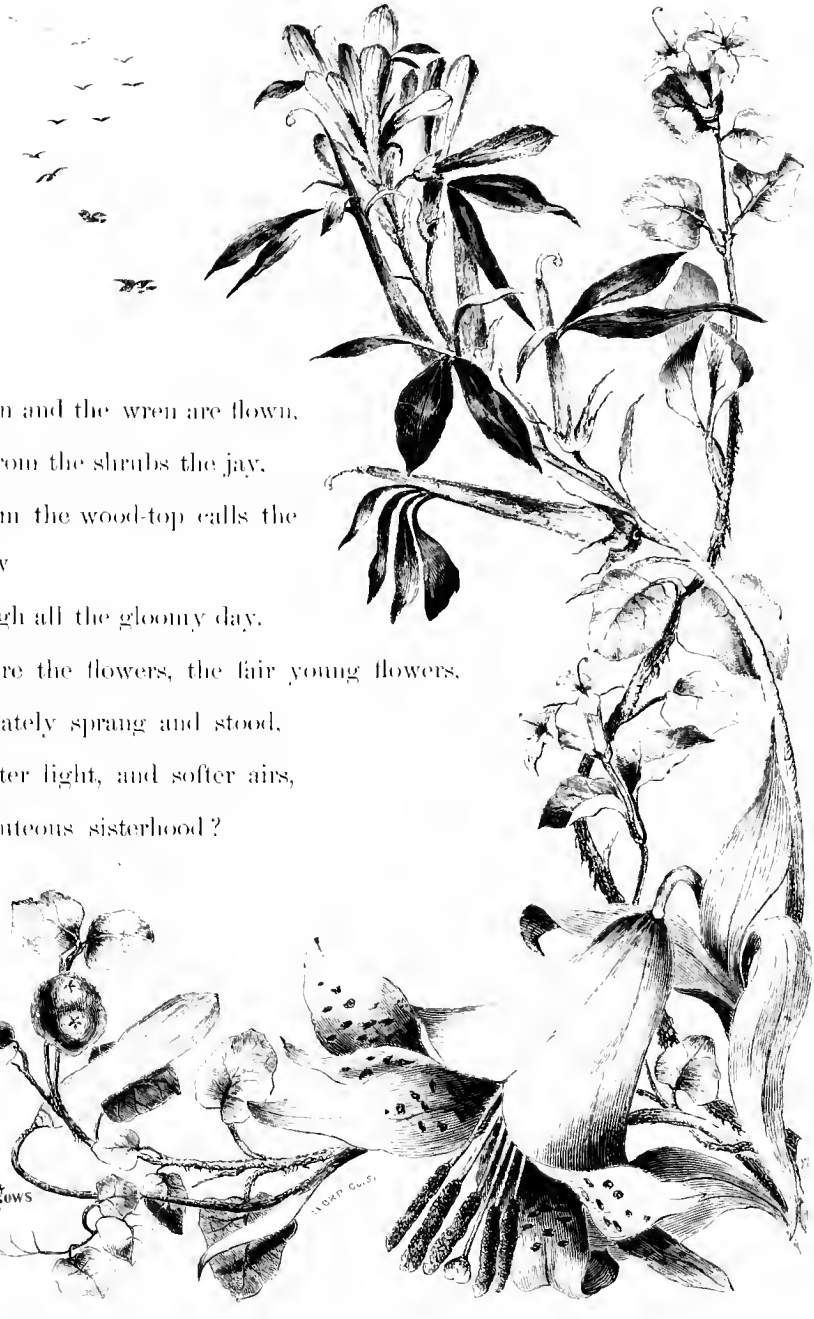
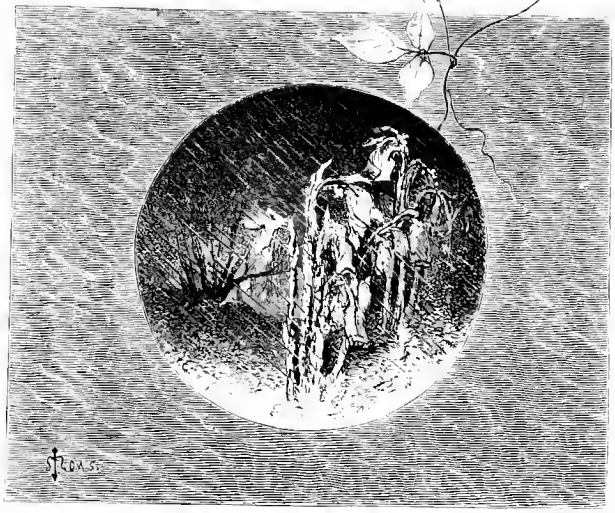
The
Death
of the
Flowers

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.



The robin and the wren are flown,
And from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow
Through all the gloomy day.
Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
That lately sprang and stood,
In brighter light, and softer airs,
A beauteous sisterhood?

Alas! they all are in their
graves, the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the
fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the
cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth
the lovely ones again.



The wind-flower and the violet,
They perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis
Died amid the summer glow;

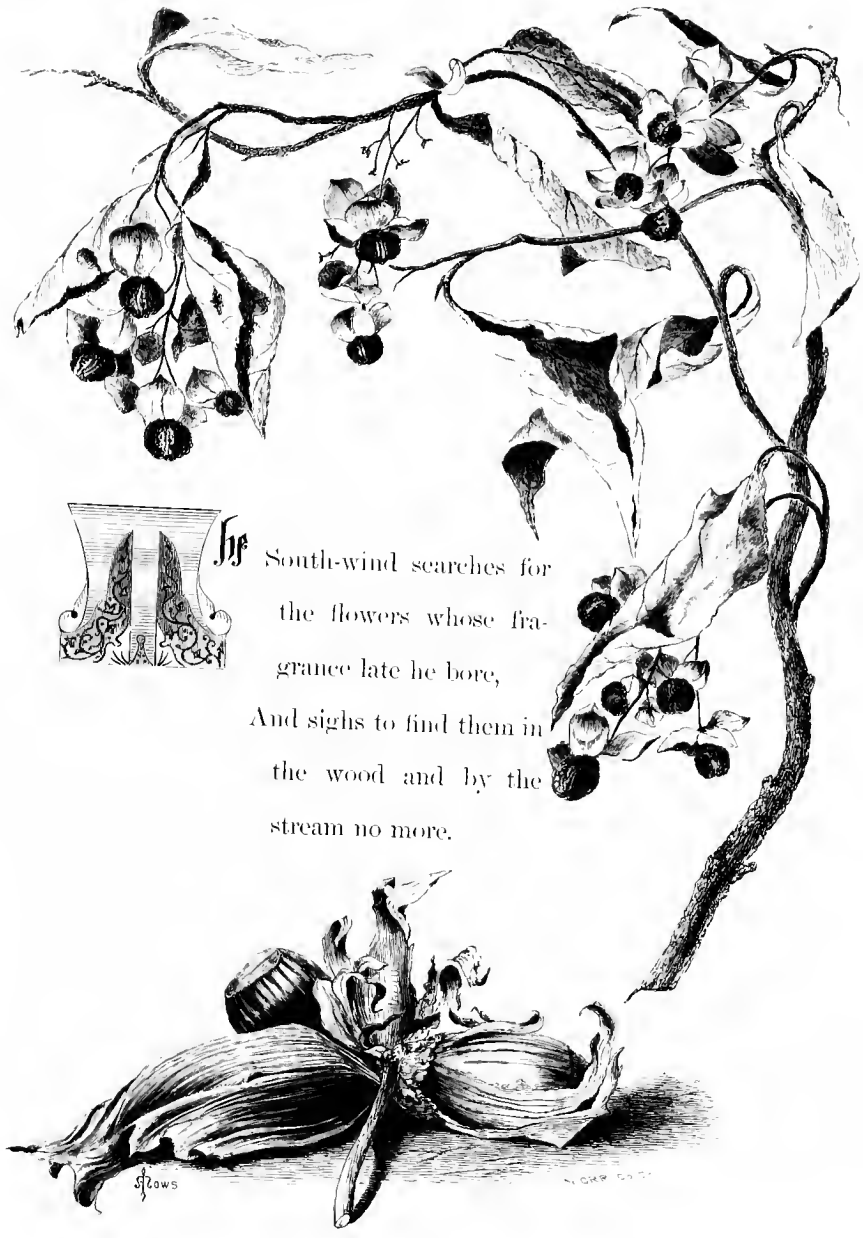
But on the hill the golden rod, and the aster in the wood,

And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,

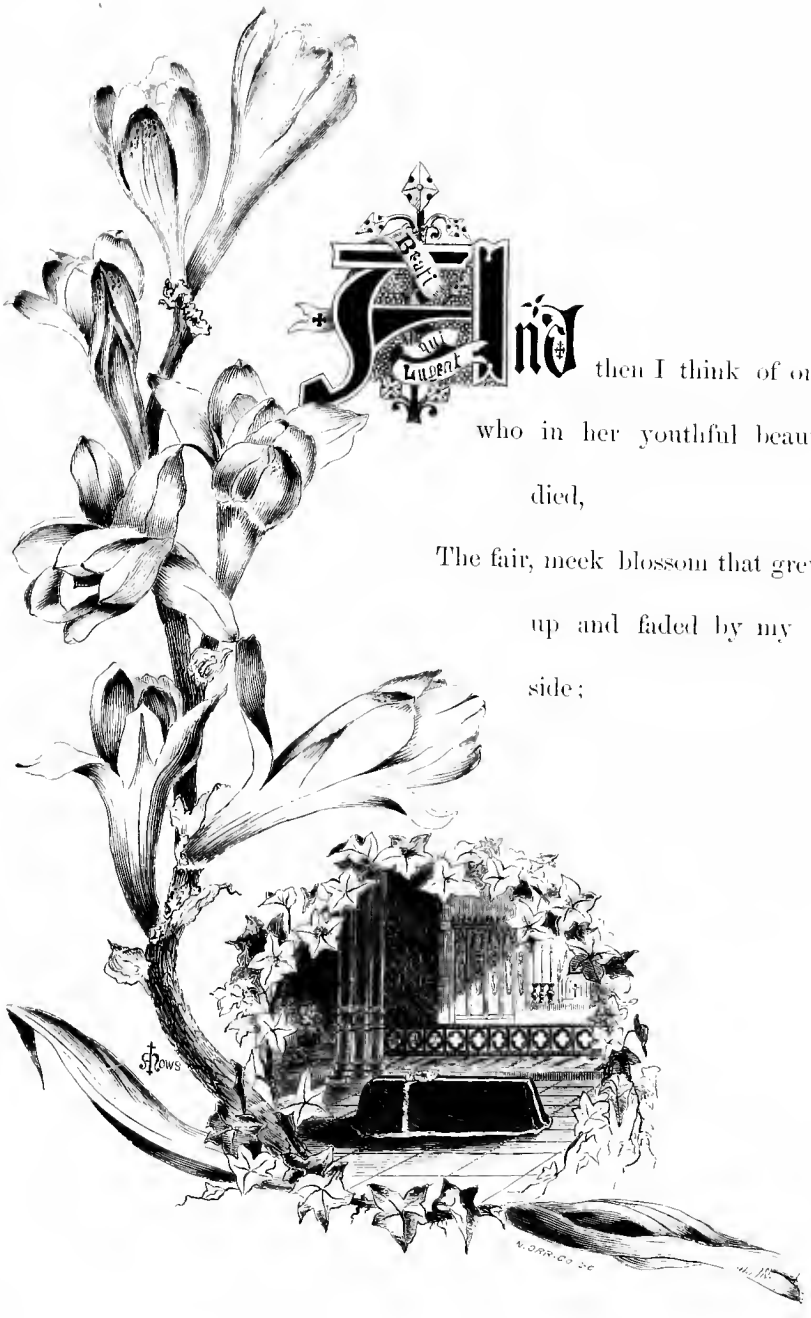
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,

And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland, glade, and glen.

And now when comes the calm mild day,
As still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee
From out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
Though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light
The waters of the rill,



The South-wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.



And then I think of one
who in her youthful beauty
died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew
up and faded by my
side;

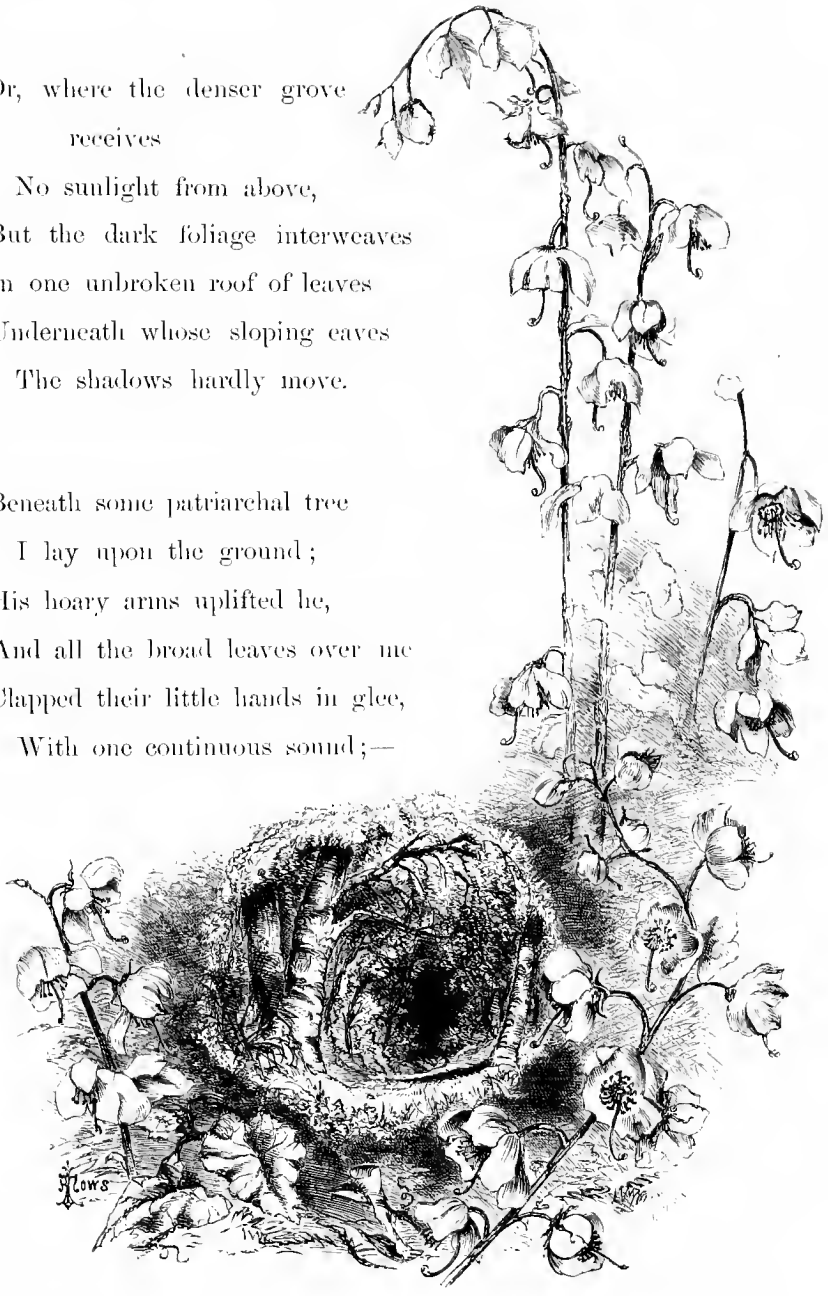
In the cold, moist earth we laid her,
When the forests cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely
Should have a life so brief;
Yet not unmeet it was that we,
Like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful,
Should perish with the flowers.

When woods
were green.

Pleasant it was, when woods were green,
And winds were soft and low,
To lie amid some sylvan scene,
Where, the long drooping boughs between,
Shadows dark, and sunlight sheen
Alternate come and go;

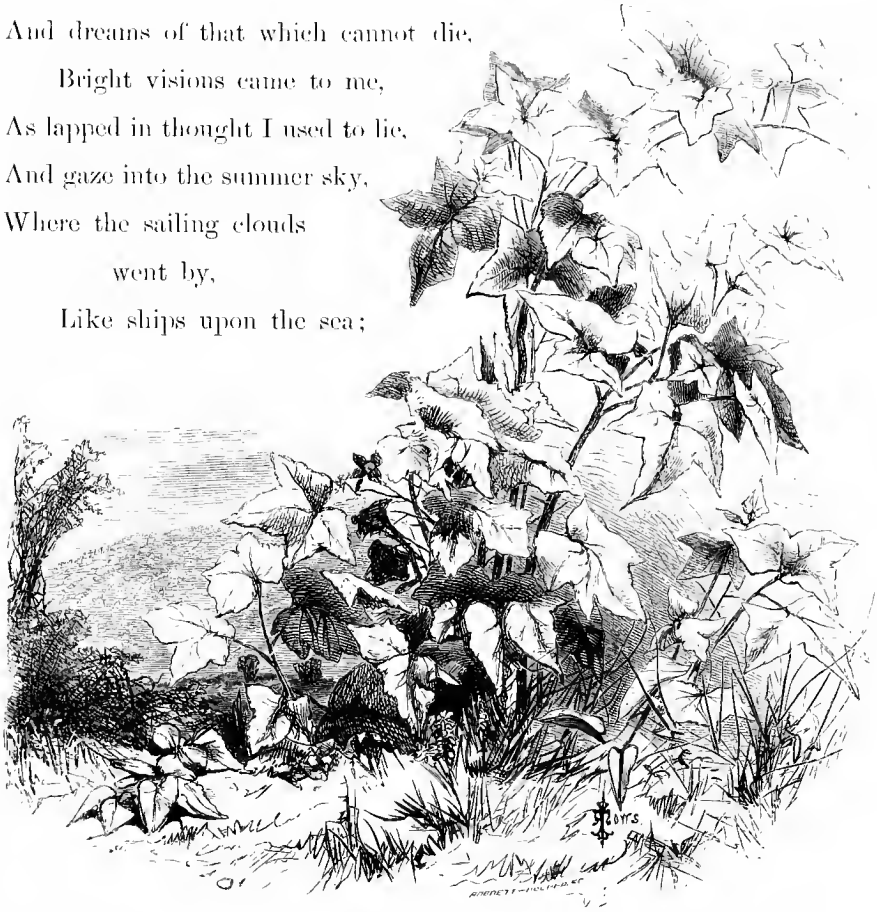
Or, where the denser grove
receives
No sunlight from above,
But the dark foliage interweaves
In one unbroken roof of leaves
Underneath whose sloping eaves
The shadows hardly move.

Beneath some patriarchal tree
I lay upon the ground;
His hoary arms uplifted he,
And all the broad leaves over me
Clapped their little hands in glee,
With one continuous sound;—

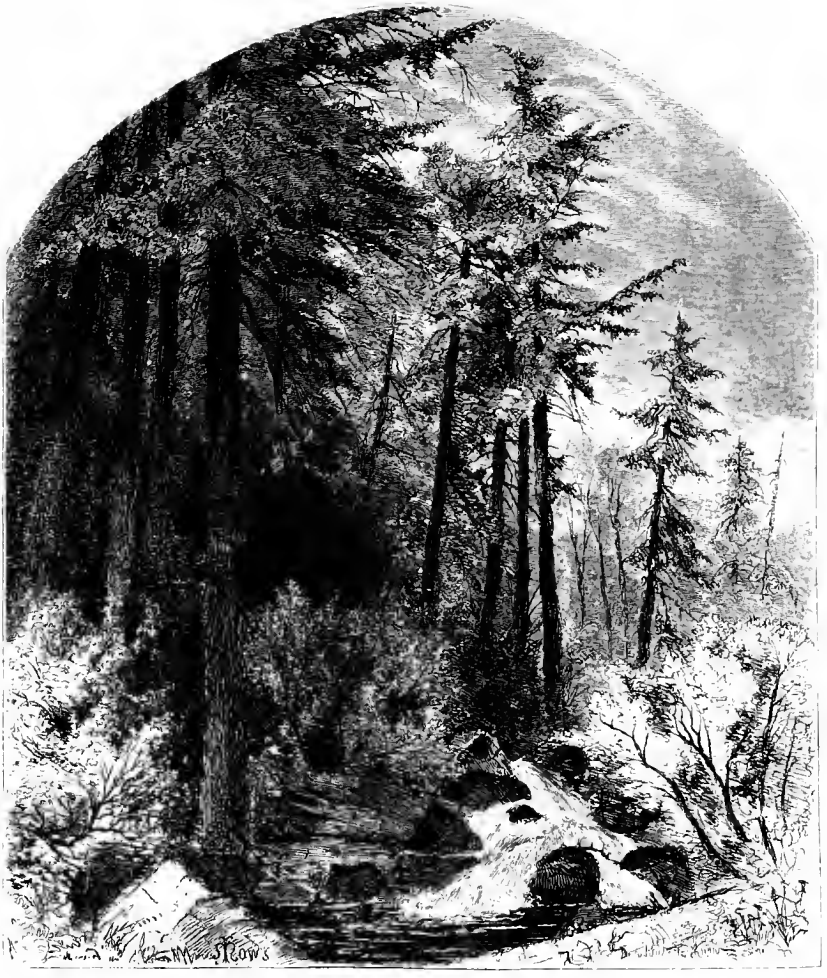


A slumberous sound—a sound that brings
The feelings of a dream—
As of unnumbered wings,
As, when a bell no longer swings,
Faint the hollow murmur rings
O'er meadow, lake, and stream.

And dreams of that which cannot die,
Bright visions came to me,
As lapped in thought I used to lie,
And gaze into the summer sky,
Where the sailing clouds
went by,
Like ships upon the sea;



Dreams that the soul of youth engage
Ere Fancy has been quelled;
Old legends of the monkish page,
Traditions of the saint and sage,
Tales that have the rime of age,
And chronicles of Eld.



And, loving still these quaint old themes,
Even in the city's throng
I feel the freshness of the streams,
That, crossed by shades and sunny gleams,
Water the green land of dreams,
The holy land of song.

Therefore at Pentecost, which brings
The Spring, clothed like a bride,
When nestling buds unfold their wings
And bishop's-caps have golden rings,
Musing upon many things,
I sought the woodlands wide.

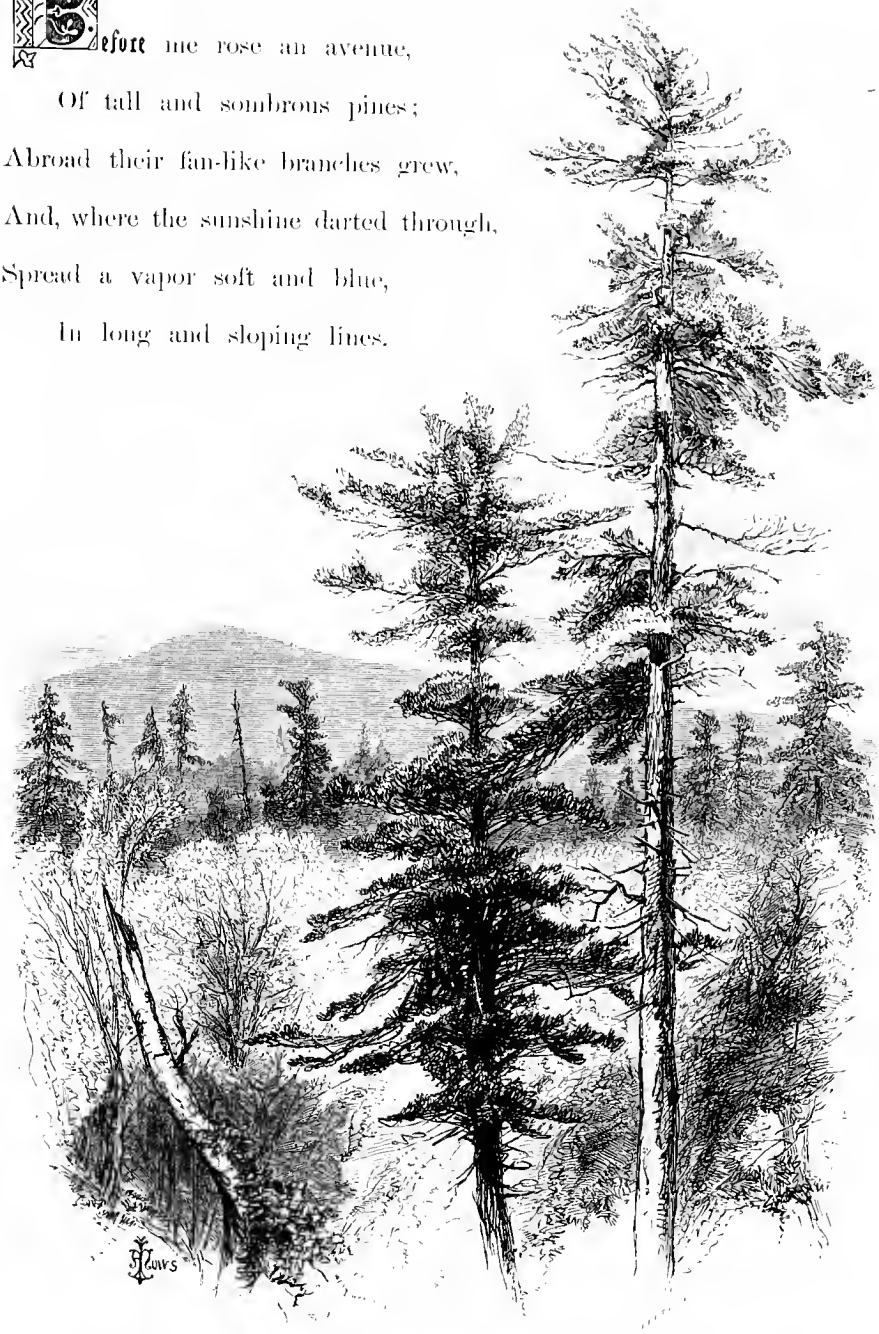
The green trees whispered low
and mild;
It was a sound of joy!
They were my playmates when
a child,

And rocked me in their arms so wild!
Still they looked at me and smiled,
As if I were a boy;

And ever whispered, mild and low,
"Come, be a child once more!"
And waved their long arms to and fro,
And beckoned solemnly and slow;
O, I could not choose but go
Into the woodlands hoar;

Into the blithe and breathing air,
Into the solemn wood,
Solemn and silent everywhere!
Nature with folded hands seemed there,
Kneeling at her evening prayer!
Like one in prayer I stood.

Before me rose an avenue,
Of tall and sombrous pines;
Abroad their fan-like branches grew,
And, where the sunshine darted through,
Spread a vapor soft and blue,
In long and sloping lines.

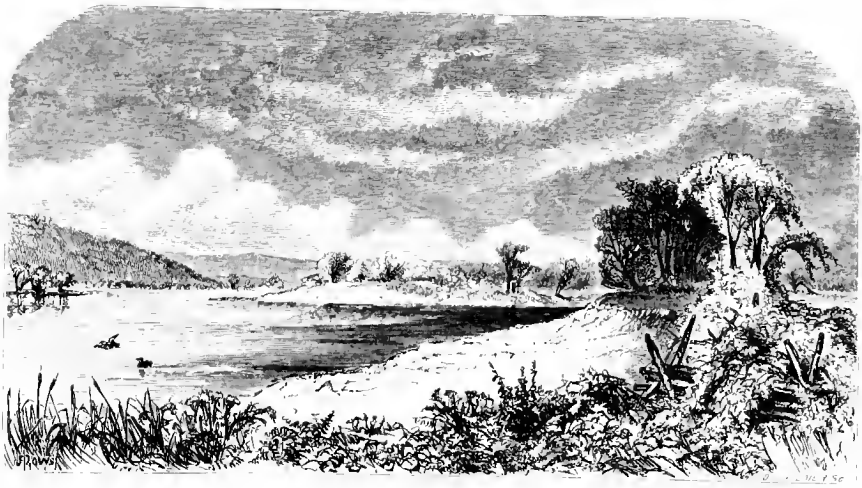


And falling on my weary brain,
Like a fast-falling shower,
The dreams of youth came back again,
Low lispings of the summer rain,
Dropping on the ripened grain,
As once upon the flower.

Visions of childhood! Stay, O stay!
Ye were so sweet and wild!
And distant voices seemed to say,
"It cannot be! They pass away!"

Wyoming.

A Fragment.



Thou com'st in beauty, on my gaze at last,

"On Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming!"

Image of many a dream, in hours long past,

When life was in its bud and blossoming,

And waters gushing from the fountain spring

Of pure enthusiast thought, dimmed my young eyes,

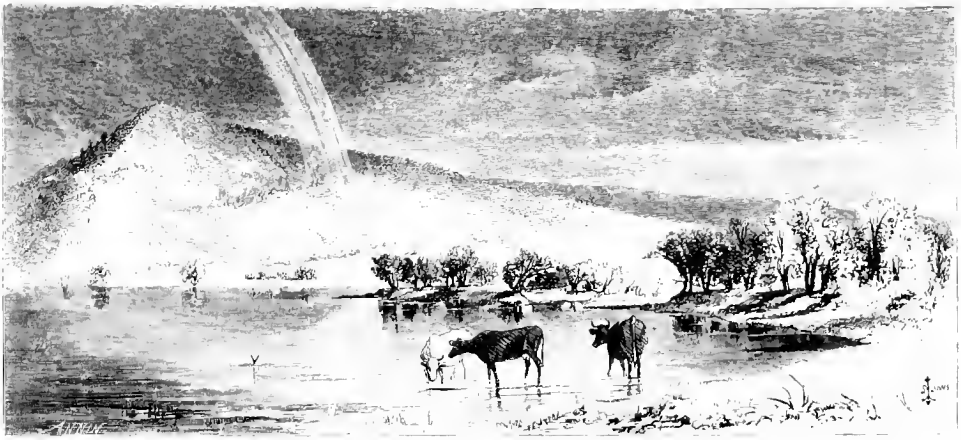
As by the poet borne, on unseen wing,

I breathed, in fancy, 'neath thy cloudless skies,

The summer's air, and heard her echoed harmonies.

I then but dreamed: thou art before me now,

In life, a vision of the brain no more.



I've stood upon the wooded mountain's brow,

That beetles high thy lovely valley o'er;

And now, where winds thy river's greenest shore,

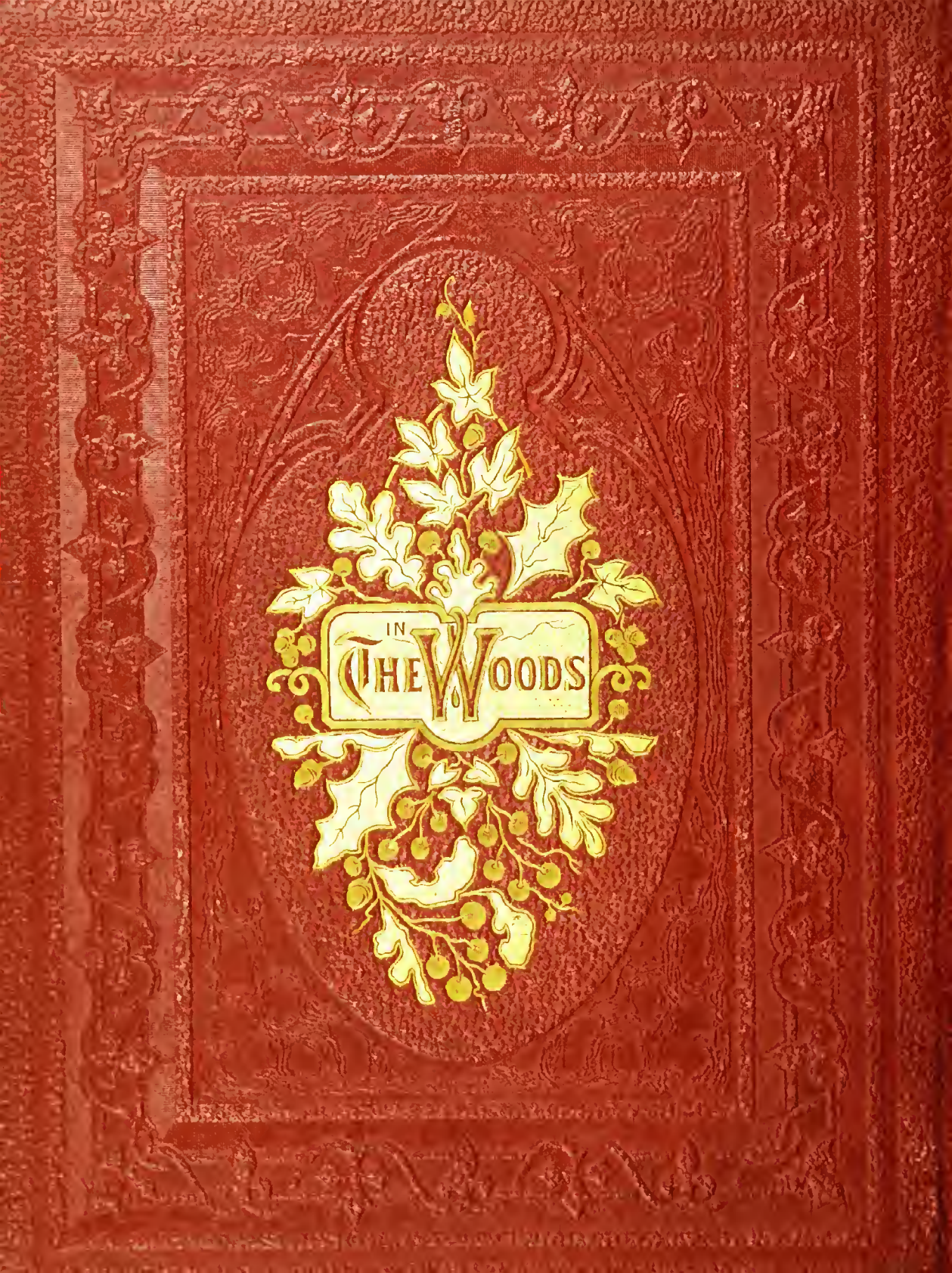
Within a bower of Sycamores am laid;

And winds, as soft and sweet as ever bore

The fragrance of wild flowers through sun and shade,

Are singing in the trees, whose low boughs press my head.

Nature hath made thee lovelier than the power
Even of Campbell's pen hath pictured: he
Had woven, had he gazed one sunny hour
Upon thy smiling vale, its scenery
With more of truth, and made each rock and tree
Known like old friends, and greeted from afar.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